

5A (not in a binder)
Compliments of 347th TAC Ftr Wing
and the Flying Dutchman

Small (4¼" x 5½") booklet with 24 songs
stapled and with cardstock cover; Table of Contents and 24 pages

Binder: None

Folder: 5A

Title: Compliments of 347th TAC Ftr Wg and the Flying Dutchman

Branch: U.S. Air Force

Unit: 347th Tactical Fighter ~~and~~

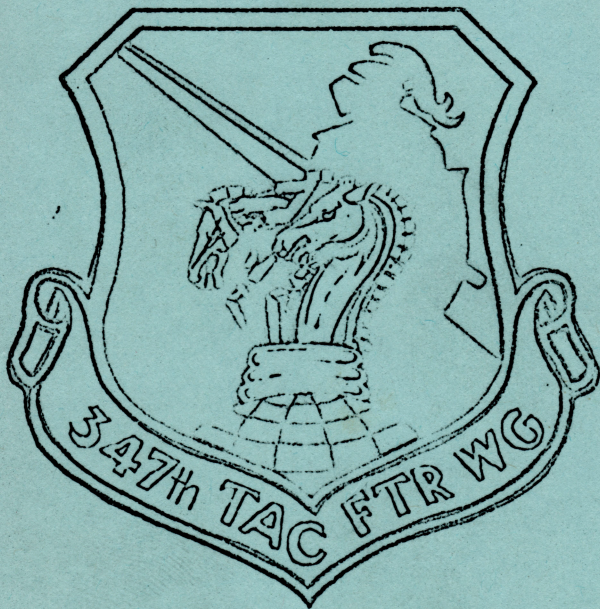
Date: Unknown

Place: Unknown

Source: Gretz Collection; Contributed by John Pioraty

COMPLIMENTS OF:

5A



AND

THE FLYING DUTCHMAN



WISPERIN' DEATH.....	1
HAILLELUJAH.....	5
LAOTIAN KARST.....	8
MIGS WILL COME TO PLAY.....	9
WHIFFENPOOF SONG.....	11
NAIL FAC.....	12
RED RIVER VALLEY.....	14
CHARLOTTE THE HARLOT.....	16
ADELINE SCHMIDT.....	17
THE BIRD.....	18
MARY ANNE BURNS.....	18
NELLIE DARLING.....	19
SALLY IN THE ALLEY.....	19
THE MOUSE.....	20
PARTIES, BANQUETS, AND BALLS.....	20
LADY IN RED.....	21
FIGHTER PILOT.....	22
BAD MOUTH.....	22
MU GIA.....	22
O'LEARY'S BALLS.....	23
I LOVE MY WIFE.....	23
our baby.....	23
AIR FORCE SONG.....	24

WHISPERIN' DEATH

To the frightful town of Hanoi,
came a stranger one dark night
to Phuc Yen, Kep, and Haiphong,
came this stranger to the fight
she flew low, she moved fast,
two hundred feet TF
to the delta came this stranger,
known as Whisperin' Death
known as Wisperin' Death

The war trudged on for may years,
then one day she got her chance
to fly and fight for freedom,
and the cause to help enhance
Colonel Nelson obliged,
he headed way out west
he gathered up his fighters,
and said we'll do our best
he said we'll do our best

2

She remained a stranger not for long,
her victories were soon acclaimed
she'd cut the northeast railroad,
and SAM sites she had maimed
she hit hard, she hit true,
her deeds you won't forget
nor the stress and strain of combat,
and of goin' out feet wet
goin' out feet wet

Now AARDVARK's not a pretty name,
but here it earned respect
and we're sure there are buff drivers,
who'll swear she saved their necks
we held our heads high knowin' of,
prestige she was to claim
that sleek and silent fighter,
with the strange and amusing name
strange and amusing name.

3

But the struggle wasn't easy,
and the price we paid was high
many friends were lost for freedom,
but still our hopes were high
that someday soon we'd see the end,
and know the war would cease
we'd be proud of Whisperin' Death,
and how she helped to bring the peace
helped to bring the peace

Her endeavors weren't confined,
to the badlands way up north
to the PDJ, Saravan,
and Takeo she burst forth
the Khmer Rouge, the Pathet Lao,
were soon to meet their fate
for the might of Whisperin' Death,
they had realized too late
realized too late.

Now my story has no moral,
 for you see it has no end
 what the Vark has done for liberty,
 she's prepared to do again
 we pray she'll not be needed,
 but if conflicts do arise
 we'll be proud to fly her,
 through dark and perilous skies
 dark and perilous skies.

Whisperin' Death, Whisperin' Death,
 to the delta came this stranger
 known as Whisperin' Death,
 known as Whisperin' Death.

RUNDLE/TANZOLA

HALLELUJAH!

It was midnight, in Thailand
 all the aircrews were in bed
 when up stepped Colonel Seaver
 and this is what he said
 pilots, gentle navs, fighter pilots all
 switchblades, gentle switchblades
 and all the pilots shouted: BALLS
 when up stepped a young PWSO
 with a voice as harsh as brass
 you can take those g.d. aardvark jets
 and shove them up your ass
 HALLELUJAH CHORUS

Up and down Mu Gia
 I know the route by rote
 the airplane's at two hundred feet
 my balls are in my throat
 the eighty-fives go flashing by
 they're bursting all around
 don't make no fucking difference
 I'll probably hit the ground
 CHORUS

(cont.)

I crossed the ridge at Xuan Son
my airspeed it was high
I looked out of the window
a seagull passed me by
the seagull gave a grunt and shit
the engine gave a wheeze
mayday, mayday, mayday
SOF's instructions please
CHORUS

I flashed accross the target
my bombs they did not go
I looked at my right seater
he said fuck, I don't know
I racked her hard up to the left
and straight ahead we flew
I cursed General Dynamics
and fucking Elmer's glue
CHORUS

We cycled all our switches
reset my reference light
the gator jumped into the scope
he swore with all his might
I did a hard one-eighty
to try and save the mission
the WSO threw his hands up high
we don't have a prediction
CHORUS

(cont.)

I flew my traffic pattern
to me it looked all right
my airspeed read one-fifty
my God I racked it tight
the airframe gave a shudder
the engines gave a wheeze
mayday, mayday, mayday
spin instructions please
CHORUS

I flew my cross-wind landing
my left wing hit the ground
I heard a call from mobile
pull up and go around
I yanked that switchblade in the air
a dozen feet or more
the engines quit, I almost shit
the gear came through the floor
CHORUS

We got the bird back to the ramp
or what was left of it
the crew chief took one look at it
my God I thought he'd shit
I'll never fly switchblades again
this flight will be my last
I checked tommorrow's schedule
I'm set to double blast.
CHORUS.

LAOTIAN KARST

Beside a Laotian chunk of Karst
one dark and windy night
inside their shattered capsule
what a fucking plight
the parachute hung from a nearby tree
they were not yet quite dead
so listen to the very last words
these young pursuiteders said
I'm going to a betterland
where everything is right
where whiskey flows from telegraph poles
there's poker every night
there's not a fucking thing to do
but sit around and sing
where all the girls are women
oh death, where is thy sting
Oh death where is thy stingalingaling
oh death where is thy sting
the bells of hell will ringalingaling
for you but not for me
Soooo, tingalingalingling
blow it out your ass
tingalingalingling, blow it out your ass
tingalingalingling, blow it out your ass
better days are coming by and by.

MIGS WILL COME TO PLAY

When the SAMs start rising
from old Haiphong harbor
and the eighty=fives start puffing
round Kep Hay
you will know your target's
just beyond that mountain
and you wonder if the MIGs
will come to play

Oh, you reach your pull-up point
and start your pop-up
and the tracers seem to urge you
on your way
you see the bridge and as you
start your roll in
you wonder if the MIGs
will come to play

You've dropped your bombs
and now you're off and running
jinking hard you're on
your merry way
and as you reach the jagged
limestone ridges
you wonder if the MIGs
will come to play

(cont.)

Oh, you've reached the coast
and all the sea is friendly
the fuel is low
but not too bad you say
I can make it back
to Korat nice and easy
if only the MIGs
don't come to play

You're climbing now
and starting to rest easy
a drink of water helps
you on your way
but a glint of light,
a speck up high, and you know
that the MIGs
have finally come out to play

Your burner's in, you're pulling Gs,
you're turning
but his turn is well
inside your break today
in your dingy
bobbing on the Gulf of Tonkin
you wish the MIGs
had not come up to play.

WIFFENPOOF SONG

From a hootch in southeast asia
to the place where aces dwell
to the strip club in Las Vegas,
we knew so well
sing the fighter crews assembled
with their glasses raised on high
in a toast unto a comrade who just fell
Sing the fighter crews assembled
with their glasses raised on high
sing they poorly, not too clearly,
loud as well

We will throw our glasses wildly
and throw our bombs as well
and the finks at 7th air can go to hell
We are poor switchblade crews
who have lost our way
help, help, help
we TFR'd in pack one they say
help, help, help
steely-eyed jocks, down in the black
TFR won't let us come back
let's haul ass and dodge the flak
A-----B-----now.

NAIL FAC

Dear mom, your son is dead
he bought the farm today
he crashed his OV-10
on Ho-Chi-Minh's highway
he made a rocket pass
and then he busted his ass
hmmmmmmmm,hmmmmmmmm,hmmmmmmmm

He went accross the fence
to see what he could see
there it was, as plain as it could be
it was a truck on the road
with a big heavy load
hmmmmmmmm,hmmmmmmmm,hmmmmmmmm

He got right on the horn
and gave old big a call
send me some air
I've got a truck that's stalled
old big he said all right
I'll give you 'litter' flight
for I am the power

(cont.)

The fighters checked right in
gunfighters two by two
low on gas and tankers overdue
they asked the FAC to mark
just where that truck was parked
hmmmmmm,hmmmmmm,hmmmmmm

The NAIL he rolled right in
with his smoke to mark
exactly where that
fucking truck was parked
the rest is still in doubt
because he never pulled out
hmmmmmm,hmmmmmm,hmmmmmm

Dear mom your son is dead
he bought the farm today
he crashed his OV-10
on Ho-Chi-Minh's highway
he made a rocket pass
and then he busted his ass
HIMMMM,FUCK,HIM

RED RIVER VALLEY

To the valley he said he was flying
but he never saw the medal that he earned
many jocks have flown into the valley
and a number have never returned

So I listened as he briefed on the mission
at the bar tonight Teak flight will sing
but we're going to the red river valley
and today you are flying my wing

Oh, the flak is so thick in the valley
that the MIGs and the missiles we don't need
so fly high and down sun in the valley
and guard well the ass of Teak lead

Now if things turn to shit in the valley
and the briefing I gave you don't heed
they'll be waiting at the Hanoi Hilton
and it's fish heads and rice for Teak lead

We refueled on the way to the valley
in the states it had always been fun
but with thunder and lightning all around us
'twas the last A-A-R for Teak one

When he came to the bridge in the valley
he saw a duty that he couldn't shun
for the first to roll in on the target
was my leader old Teak number one

Oh, he flew through the flak toward the target
with his bombs and his rockets drew a bead
but he never pulled out of his bomb run
'twas fatal for another Teak lead

So come and sit by my side at the briefing
we will sit there and tickle the beads
for we're going to the Red River Valley
and my call sign today is Teak lead.

CHARLOTTE THE HARLOT

Charlotte the harlot lay dying
a pisspot supporting her head
around her two bastards lay crying
and these are the words that she said

I've been shagged by Phantoms and Sandies
I've been shagged by Spectre and crew
I've come all the way to Thailand
to be shagged by two bastards like you

So roll back your greasy old foreskin
and give me the cream of your nuts
so we rolled back our greasy old foreskin
and played 'home sweet home' on her guts

ADELINE SCHMIDT

There once was a maiden named Adeline Schmidt
she went to the doctor cause she couldn't shit
he gave her some medicine all wrapped up in glass
up went the window and out went her ass

CHORUS: It was brown, brown, shit falling down
brown, brown, shit all around

it was brown, brown, shit falling down
covered all over with shit, shit, shit, shit
A handsome young copper was walking his beat
he happened to be on that side of the street
he looked up so bashful, he looked up so shy
and a great gob of shit hit him right in the eye

CHORUS

That handsome young copper he cursed and he swore
he called that young maiden a dirty old whore
'neath London bridge he is now forced to sit
with a sign round his neck saying; blinded by shit
CHORUS.

THE BIRD

There once was a bird, no bigger than a turd
sittin' on a telegraph pole
he stuck out his neck and he shit about a peck
as he puckered up his little asshole
asshole, asshole, asshole, asshole
as he puckered up his little asshole

MARY ANNE BURNS

Mary anne burns is the queen of all the acrobats
she can do tricks that would give a man the shits
she can roll green peas off her fundamental orifice
do a double flip and catch them on her tits
she's a great big sonofabitch twice as big as me
hairs round her ass like branches on a tree
she can swim, fish, fight, fuck, fly a plane, drive a truck
Mary anne burns is the girl for me

18

NELLIE DARLING

Oh, your asshole's like a stovepipe Nellie darling
and the nipples on your tits are turning green
there's a yard of lint protruding from your navel
you're the ugliest fucking bitch I've ever seen
there's a million crabs abounding round your pussy
when you piss you piss a stream as green as grass
there's enough wax in your ears to make a candle
so why not make one dear and shove it up your ass.

SALLY IN THE ALLEY

Sally in the alley, siftin' cinders
raised up her leg and farted like a man
wind from her bloomers, blew six winders
cheeks of her asswent
blam-blam-blam

19

THE MOUSE

Oh, the liquor was spilled on the barroom floor
and the bar was closed for the night
when out of his hole came a little brown mouse
and sat in the pale moonlight
oh, he lapped up the liquor on the barroom floor
and back on his haunches he sat
and all night long you could hear him roar
bring on the goddamn cat.

PARTIES, BANQUETS, AND BALLS

Parties, banquets and balls, boys
parties, banquets and balls
as Colonel Seaver has said before
there's only one way to stay out of a war
that's with parties, banquets and balls, boys
parties, banquets and balls
so it's parties and banquets and banquets and parties
and balls, balls, balls.

THE LADY IN RED

'Twas a cold winter's evening
the guests were all leaving
O'Riley was closing the bar
when he turned and he said to the lady in red
get out you can't stay where you are
she shed a sad tear in her bucket of beer
as she thought of the cold night ahead
when a gentleman dapper stepped out of the crapper
and these are the words that he said
her mother never told her
the things a young girl should know
about the ways of Air Force men
and how they come and go, mostly come
now, age has taken her beauty
and sin has left its sad scar
so remember your mothers and sisters, boys
and let her sleep under the bar.

FIGHTER PILOT

By the ring around his eyeball
you can tell a bombardier
you can tell a bomber pilot
by the spread around his rear
you can tell a navigator
by his sextants, maps, and such
you can tell a fighter pilot
BUT YOU CANNOT TELL HIM MUCH!

BAD MOUTH

The-----went flying
one dark and windy day
and as they taxied by
I heard _____ (CO) _____ say
I see my boys are flying
and I feel so Goddamned proud
the _____ is going to penetrate a cloud

MU GIA

Mu Gia, I just dropped my bombs in Mu Gia
I think I hit a truck
I don't give a fuck
It counted.....Mu Gia.....

O'LEARY'S BALLS

The balls of O'Leary 23
are wrinkled and hairy
they're shapely and stately
like the dome of St. Paul
the women all muster
to view that great cluster
they stand and they stare
at the bloody great pair
of O'Leary's BALLS!

I LOVE MY WIFE

I love my wife, yes I do, yes I do
I love her truly
I love the hole that she pisses thru
I love her ruby red lips
her lilly white tits
the hairs around her asshole
I'd eat her shit
gobble, gobble, chomp, chomp
with a rusty spoon.

OUR BABY

Our baby died last night
she died of suicide
I think she died to spite us
of spinal meningitis
she was a nasty baby anyhow
we ate her, YUM-YUM

THE AIR FORCE SONG

Here's a toast to the host of those who boast
the vastness of the sky
to a friend, we send a message of his brother men who fly
we drink to those who gave their all of old
as down we roar to score the rainbow's pot of gold
here's a toast to the host of those who boast
the U.S. Air Force

Off we go, into the wild blue yonder
climbing high, into the sun
here they come zooming to meet our thunder
at 'em boys, giver her the gun
down we dive, spouting our flame from under
off with one hell of a roar
we live in fame or go down in flame
nothing can stop the U.S. Air Force.

Contributed by John Prowdy